Show the offers on the eighth page and you will easily get up a club and have plenty of guesses,

"To care for bim who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

ESTABLISHED 1877-NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1901.

+ + A Trooper's Story.

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

COLVERGET 1901, BY THE PUBLISHERS O THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

The companies of mounted regiments were paired off in squadrons of two com-

Capt. Beall; Capt. Sturgis, being the ranking Captain of the two, always assumed command when the two companies were assigned to duty together, but detached from the regiment. Besides, the Quarternaster's teams that are temporarily assigned to the companies for baggage wagons on the march, each mounted company has a six-mule team permanently attached to the company, both in garrison and on the march, which team is as much a part of the company property as the horses and equipments.

This team is driven and taken care of by a soldier detailed for that purpose, who is excused from ordinary company duty, and is accounted for on the morning report and muster-roll as on "extra duty," as are all soldiers detailed for service other than the ordinary kind, such as laborers, clerks and mechanics in the Quar termaster's and Commissary Departments, etc.; and these men were allowed extra pay at the rate of 25 cents a day for teamsters, clerks and laborers east of the Rocky Mountains, and 35 west of the mountains; mechanics being allowed 40 and 50 cents additional pay, respectively, east and west.

Our teamster in Co. K was in some respects an extraordinary man, and deserves more than a passing mention. He was a Missourian, about 25 years old; a'very devout Christian, and had nerve enough, regardless of scoffers, to carry his religion into his every-day life. Except for his circumscribed environments, he was very much of the Stonewall Jackson style

No matter where he was, or by what kind of company he was surrounded, he never failed to devoutly kneel by his hed and say his prayers before retiring. Old soldiers will understand how many resoldiers will understand how many re-buffs and discouragements a person of re-ligious principles will meet with among soldiers; and I used to think when I saw our teamster. Thomas Slover, kneel by his bed night after night—sometimes when the soldiers would be hooting and throwing boots and other missiles at him—that he was one of the bravest men I ever

After getting acquainted with him the men did not often molest him while at his devotions, for he had a way of getting his devotions, for he had a way of getting up off his knees after finishing his prayer and mopping the ground up with some fellow who had thrown something at him, or interrupted him with irreverent re-marks, "to learn them a little manners,"

As he said.

Besides being a Christian soldier, and living up to the teachings of the Master under such adverse circumstances, he also upset an old frontier theory by driving and handling a six-mule team under all sorts of conditions for the whole of his five years, and was never once heard to

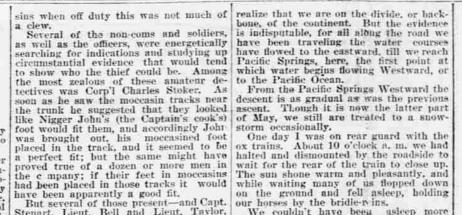
use a profane word. Tom Slover was discharged in the Spring of '60 at the expiration of his five years, and returned to his home in Missouri. I heard during the war that he got to be a Colonel in the rebel army, but have never heard of him since. I always entertained a high degree of respect for Slover, for I do honor to the true Chris-tian who carries his religion with him at

could see no need of it; and in a variety of other ways made life a burden to everyone about him.

It was the custom, on expeditions over It was the custom, on expenitions over toutes on which the distances between important points had not been clearly established, for the commanding officer to carry an odometer on a wheel of his ambulance, and keep a record of the distances; and Col. Hoffman did so on this trip. According to his measurement the distance from ing to his measurement the distance from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Bridger, Utah,

was 1.145 miles. A commanding officer would usually panies, so as to bring a Captain of higher regulate his marches by the distance travrank and a junior Captain together, as eled as recorded by the odometer. I have the first support of the captain together, as heard of tired soldiers inducing their companies. mander to camp early after only a mod-erate march by practicing this trick on

Watching an opportunity when no offi-cer was about the ambulance during a halt, several of the soldiers would saun-ter up to the vehicle, and while clustered around it two would slip a gun barrel un-



with a teamster's "blacksnake."



a third one would sain the wheel around or a few minutes at a lively rate.

When the commanding officer would come to look at the instrument to see whether he had made a reasonable march he would find it indicating an extra long he would find it indicating an extra long one and would immediately hunt a camp. I don't think this game was played on Col. Hoffman, on this trip, and believe that his measurement was nearly correct. After a pay-dsy some of the economical soldiers would deposit money with the Captain for safe-keeping until such time as they could make other disposition of it, and at Fort Bridger a number of it, and at Fort Bridger a number of them had done so. Having no more se-cure place. Capt. Steuart put this money -several hundred dollars-in a trunk in his tent, which was thought to be perfect-

ly safe, as thefts or robberies were of rare A BARBAROUS INCIDENT.



JIM BRIDGER. (After a photograph by Carter.)

Our commanding officer on the Utah tapedition, Lieut.-Col. Hoffman, 6th Inf., was dubbed by the soldiers, "Old Blue Beard," on account of the steel-gray shade to fine grizzly whiskers, and was not very popular with the men. Although we were making but short marches, of 12 to 15 miles a day, to suit the gait of the builtrains we were escorting, he would have reveille sounded at 3 o'clock—long before taylight—of mornings; made us cavaleyty the sand about the broken trunk; but as a great many of the men were more marking but short marches, of 12 to 15 miles a day, to suit the gait of the builtrains we were escorting, he would have the suite was rified.

In the morning, of course, there was quite an excitement in camp when the burglary was discovered. The only clew to provide the trunk as a great many of the men were moccasin tracks in the sand about the broken trunk; but as a great many of the men were moccasin tracks open prairie, with few mountains and very little rough country in sight, it is hard to

have been apparently a good fit.

But several of those present—and Capt.
Steuart, Lieut. Bell and Lieut. Taylor,
seemed to readily accept the idea—
jumped to the conclusion that Nigger
John was the guilty one; and Corp'l
Stoker promptly suggested that by tring
the culprit up and whipping him, or by
some other mode of torture, he could be
made to confess and dig up the money.
The officers readily indorsed this proposition, and Stoker and Corp'l Ools cheerfully took the management of the affair. fully took the management of the affair. The negro was taken out in the brush, stripped, tied and whipped most brutally

The poor negro—who, as we afterwards found, was perfectly innocent—of course could not confess a crime he knew nothing about; but to get a respite from the torture he would promise if they would stop whipping him to take them to where he had buried the money, and when untied he wandered about pretending to hunt for the place, and on failing to find it would be taken back, tied up and the whipping renewed.

mule teams was loaded and started back to Fort Bridger; but as the route by though her thankfulness. Sobs shook her, dry, wrenching, noiseless paroxysms, which frightened Mrs. Ashbel more than she had come was entirely impracticable for wagons, which frightened Mrs. Ashbel more than she had ever before been frightened in her calm life. Then Margaret rose to her feet, stepped steadily to the washstand, poured some water in the bowl, bathed her face, straightened her hat, and picking up her gloves, turned to the little lady.

On June 10 we rolled into Fort Bridger, which was shadowy in content of the door which was shadowy in content to Fort Bridger; but as the route by through her thankfulness. Sobs shook her, dry, wrenching, noiseless paroxysms, which frightened Mrs. Ashbel more than strike the "Bulls-eye."

The driver took one look over his shoulder. Then he reached for his whip. In two minutes they swung into the drive reached for his whip. In two minutes they swung into the driver took one look over his shoulder. Then he reached for his whip. In two minutes they swung into the driver took one look over his shoulder. Then he reached for his whip. In two minutes they swung into the driver took one look over his shoulder. Then he reached for his whip. In two minutes they swung into the way leading to the beautiful home of the w whipping renewed.

I think that the officers and most of I think that the officers and most of the men really believed for a time that the negro was guilty. As Shakespeare teams approaching our road from the says, "Trifles light as air are to the suspicious confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and every little suspicious creamstance was now brought up against the poor darky to convict him of a theft that had really been committed by the man who was most zealous in trying to convince everyone that the negro was the true thief.

After tiring of whipping, which had

After tiring of whipping, which had been kept up at intervals for several hours, a new torture was suggested by one of the inquisitors—to tie the naked negro down with his back up, bent over a barrel, and with a lighted candle melt sealing wax and let the blazing decrets.

FORT BRIDGER.

FORT BRIDGER.

FORT BRIDGER. ing wax and let the blazing drops of wax fall here and there on the poor fellow's already slashed and bleeding back.

I don't think the officers saw the punishment, or knew of the sealing-wax application, but they had sanctioned the hipping and had in a measure given these fiends, Stoker and Ools, permission the top of the main wall extending above the top of t to use any means to make the negro pro-duce the money. Finally, when the negro had been near-

ly killed, he was released, discharged by the officers, his pay of several months being withheld to cover the loss, and went away. I never knew what further became of him. The Captain repaid the men who had lost the money, pro rata, as far as the negro's forfeited wages would go, and no one ever seemed to suspect Stoker of being the real thief.

To conclude this incident I will anticipate my story. Before we got back to Fort Leavenworth (in the Fall of '58) Stoker had been promoted to Sergeant. After our arrival at Leavenworth we were paid off again, and Serg't Stoker ing withheld to cover the loss, and went

were paid off again, and Serg't Stoker went down to Leavenworth City on pass, overstayed his time, and was reported "absent without leave. (After being re-ported by the First Sergeant "absent without leave" at three stated roll-calls,

During this time I, with two other comrades, chanced to go down to the city one night on pass, and while in a saloon there we met Stoker, dressed in a new suit of citizen clothes, sporting a fine gold watch and chain, which he passed around for our inspection. He boldly informed us that he was going to desert—he was then apparently pretty drunk—and boastfully pulling out a handful of gold coins to show us, declared with an oath:

"There's part of what the nigger was whipped for."

He said that no one but himself had any hand in that robbery, and added:

"There's part of what the nigger was whipped for."

He said that no one but himself had any hand in that robbery, and added:

whipped for,

He said that no one but himself had
any hand in that robbery, and added:

"If you want a secret kept, keep it to yourself-don't take in any partner."

THE WONDERFUL SOUTH PASS. We are now in the South Pass. I had imagined, all along, that the Pass was a narrow roadway running through a rough gorge, with towering cliffs on each side; but instead we find it a wide, open expanse of prairle country on the dividing ridge of the Rockies, with few mountains

ridge of the Rockies, with few mountains in sight from the road, which runs through a comparatively smooth country.

Away to the south we see three large mounds, called the "Three Buttes;" on the north, and many miles away, are seen the snow-covered summits of Fremont's Peak and its neighbors of the Wind River Range.

treater part of the day's march, when we as a great many of the men wore mocca- little rough country in sight, it is hard to

The sun shone warm and picasanty, and while waiting many of us flopped down on the ground and fell asleep, holding our horses by the bridle-r-ins.

We couldn't have been asleep more than 15 minutes when we were awakened by the command "Mount!" and springing up found it snowing like fury. Such sudden changes are not uncommon in the den changes are not uncommon in the

On June 6 we reached Green River and crossed it, camping on the west bank. There is a ferry here, a flatboat, pulled back and forth by means of a rope stretched across the river. The infantry and some of the teams were ferried over, the cavalry and the rest of the trains fording the river, as it is not very deep and has a good bottom. Near our camp here on the west bank

of Green River are to be seen the irons and ashes of the two ox trains that were captured and burned here by the Mormons last Fall.

The trains (50 six-yoke teams) were the

property of Majors & Russell, transporta-tion contractors, of Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, and were loaded with supplies for Gen. Albert S. Johnston's command at Fort Bridger, or Camp Scott, as it is officially called.

CAPT. MARCY'S WINTER TRIP.

The loss of these supplies left Gen. Johnston's command in rather cricical circumstances; having gone into Winter quarters late in the Fall (of '57) at Fort Bridger, and by the severity of the Winters in this country being almost cut off from communication with the rest of the world for several months, his troops were reduced to great want—even eating horses and mules, and being also short of cloth-ing and blankets, made their situation one of extreme hardship. With no depot of supplies that could furnish the necessary material nearer than Santa Fe. N. M., or Leavenworth, Kan., Gen. Johnston de-cided to send a party to Senta Fe for sup-plies. This little expedition would necessarily be one of great danger, hardship and suffering.

To travel over the mountains so far, in To travel over the mountains so far, in dead of Winter, was no small undertaking. It would take men of nerve to do it. In such cases, instead of detailing men, a call is issued for so many volunteers to make the trip; and I never knew a call to be made for a perilous expedition but what plenty of men would be found to undertake it. "If it was a voyage of discovery to hell," as one of the age of discovery to hell," as one of the old soldiers remarked, "there would be plenty of fools wanting to go." Capt. R. B. Marcy, of the 5th Inf.,

As we came in sight of the post, and while three or four miles off, we saw a

On the inside a row of rooms, built of 'dobe and stone, extends around the wall, the top of the main wall extending above

ignated in official documents as Camp

Scott. The Government has bought Bridger ut, and his fort is occupied as a depo for Commissary and Quartermaster's stores. The War Department intends to build a permanent military post here. As soon as we arrived and began un ording our trains, Gen. Johnston began

fitting out his command for the trip into Salt Lake City. Heretofore Brigham Young, the great Mormon Prophet, has defied Uncle Sam, and for want of supplies Gen. Johnston was compelled to await our arrival be-

fore he could even make an effort to take the city. It is rumored that Brigham has organ ized quite a little army of his own, and has fortified the passes leading into the rerstayed his time, and was reported absent without leave. (After being recity. Unfortunately our company is detailed, together with one company of the fithout leave" at three stated roll-calls, soldier or non-com. is then reported "decreter.)

The rest of the forces, our squadron mates (Co. F. 1st Ca.) included, are to go with the General, and will soon have a chance to try the Mormons' metter.

who is called Charley Hart. He wins a great deal of money at such games as "monte," "chuck-a-luck," etc. He seems to be following the troops around for what he can make off them. As I have before mentioned, our money is all gold

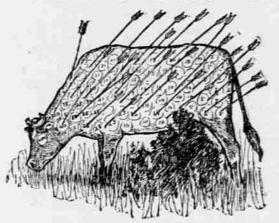
and silver.

The next evening after pay-day I stepped into a gambling tent to watch the game. A man was sitting behind a rude table dealing monte, with quite a little pile of gold and silver on the boards in front of us, and a six shooter lay just at his right hand.

Charley Hart, the blonde gambler, came in, holding a silk handkerchief by the four orners nearly full of coin, which he had just won from some other "banks." He quietly asked the banker if he would "take a tap," meaning to bet his pile against the banker's on the turn of a card. The banker answered in the affirmative. Hart quietly set his handkerchief down on a card and opened it, showing its con-

(Continued on seventh page.)

THE GUESSING CONESEST BULL.



He is used to it. And all marksmen who hit him will get handsome cash prizes.

present contest is a strong conviction prevailing from one end of the country to hitting the Bulls-eye. the other. And we would not be surprised, because readers of this paper are getting very well posted as to Treasury Receipts. We note that the mass of guesses are closer and closer in each succeeding contest. Some of these daysperhaps in this very month-the bull will get it in the eye!

When the bank-check for \$4,000 is re ceived we would like to be there to see the winner open the letter containing it, especially if he is a needy comrade, whose declining years would be made hap-

Comrades who study the Treasury Receipts for Mondays and make what may be called a close central guess, and then make other guesses-as many as possible the foregoing letter.

That the Bulls-eye will be hit in the -some above and some below the central guess, certainly stand a good chance of

> If one guess may win, as of course it may, 10 guesses are 10 times surer of into 50 prizes, as follows: winning, 50 guesses 50 times surer, 100 "Bulls-Eye" prize . . . guesses 100 times surer. Moral: Get up First prize a club, and thus, without cost, make

plenty of guesses. Comrade J. K. Merrifield, of St. Louis, Mo., writes as follows: "Nothing you have done since you have published The National Tribune has 'livened up us old boys like these guessing contests. We must 36th to 49th boys like these guessing courses, also the War have the paper, of course; also the War Books which you sell at such low prices.

We will award \$4,000 cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky

was edited this week by one of John Mc-Elroy's partners. If John himself had edited it he would have cut off the tail of



By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Copyright, 1901, by the publishers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

"Carriage ready," announced the boy, I many a time before: "What a magnificent rapping sharply on Margaret's door. mand the expedition, and after selecting 40 of his best men, from amongst quite a number of volunteers, they took a few pack-mules to carry their grab and blankets and struck out over the mountains.

After suffering incredible hardships and being reduced to the necessity of eating their pack-mules, they finally reached after to regain her self-control. She felt she words.

After suffering incredible hardships and being reduced to the necessity of eating their pack-mules, they finally reached fort Union, N. M., and there obtaining all the desired supplies, a large train of mule teams was loaded and started back to Fort Bridger; but as the route by which Capt. Marcy and his men had come. With compressed lips the girl had risen

> Mrs. Ashbel, speechless, followed her down the stairs. She was afraid to say anything. If it should happen not to be the right thing, who could tell what effect it might not have on the taut nerves of girl, already strung to the highest

> "Which way do you want to go today?" "Which way do you want to go today, asked the driver, having tucked them into the two-scated, canopy-shaped surrey, which was his "best rig."
>
> "To the County House," directed Mar-

"Is that the way to the County House?"
"Well, no, not ezactly," he chuckled.
"Kindly drive to the County House, at

once, and by the shortest road!" The emphasis was unmistakable.

Margaret assented. She did not see the ree, and only half understood the words.

to someone who came forward along the corridor, which was shadowy in contrast

to the sunniness without.
"I am Dr. Winslow," replied the person addressed. "What can I do for you, madam?"

madam?"
"I beg your pardon. I did not recognize—I—I want to"— She stopped. Her whirling brain refused to furnish the words she strove to pronounce.
"This is Mrs. Coar. D. W. "This is Mrs. Sears, Dr. Winslow." said the quiet voice behind them. Dr. Belden came forward with a significant glance at

"It would be a mighty good day for a do, Mrs. Sears. We are glad to see you ride over Prospect Way," suggested the out. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" "I want to—to see the tramp who was

"THE SICK MAN'S EYES OPENED!

'IS-THAT-YOU?' HE SAID.'



VOL. 3-1-NO. 30-WHOLE NO. 1029.

But hit him in the eye and he will feel the jar! All the same, the marksman who makes this great shot will get \$4,000.

> Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, May 27, 1901.

In the present contest \$5,000 is divided

Third Fourth " Fifth to 15th prizes, each . 16th to 25th 26th to 35th

Books which you sell at such low prices. Scriber, club-raiser or book buyer many The guesses are a fine relish added to the intellectual feast you set before us. For next Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief all G. A. R. comrades around here favor John McElroy, of The National Tribune."

The Guessing Contest matter

Scriber, club-raiser or book buyer many enough to guess the exact receipts of the U. S. Treasury—hitting the "bulls-eye," so to speak—for Monday, May 27, 1901. Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize; the next nearest, the second the first prize; the next nearest, the second the first prize; the hird prize, and so prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so

These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 25th day of Maytwo full days in advance. If more than one guess makes the same winning, the prize will

The condition for entering this contest is that, during the months of April and May, you must send at least 25 cents to the paper as a subscription or in the purchase of a book. This entitles you to one guess. For each additional 25 cents spent for subscriptions or books, you are entitled to an addi-

Please note: All subscribers have had guesses in a number of contests. This time, the mere fact of being a subscriber does not entitle you to a guess. You must extend your subscription, or buy books, to the extent at least of 25 cents to be entitled

to a guess, or raise a club. The Club-Raiser: For every 25

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.

RECENT TREASURY RECEIPTS. These will show guessers how receipts

run for Mondays at this time of the year; 1901. Monday, Jan. 7......\$2,421,264.14 Monday, Jan. 7 \$2,421,264.14

Monday, Jan. 14 2,150,580.21

Monday, Jan. 21 1,936,846.95

Monday, Jan. 28 2,232,394.51

Monday, Feb. 4 2,364,149.67

Monday, Feb. 11 5,421,024.87

Monday, Feb. 18 2,195,365.49

Monday, Feb. 25 1,984,961.79

Monday, March 4 (Treasury closed).

Monday March 11 2723,632.74 Monday, April 1 1,998,348,14
Monday, April 8 2,712,318,86
Monday, April 15 2,861,010,62
Monday, April 22 2,125,364,14
Monday, April 29 2,569,881,19

*Note.—The receipts for Feb. 11 were abnormally large on account of an annual payment of Central Pacific R. R. indebtedness. Deducting that, the normal receipts were \$2,478,213.82.

madam; but you mustn't be surprised if you find him very much changed, you know. Depilation has set in and it always alters one's appearance almost beyond conception." Margaret looked at him blankly, and Belden thought that of the two, the tramp and the lady, the lady was certainly the crazier, and he admitted to himself with a sigh that she had been through enough to unbalance anyone's intellect. Half-way up the stairs he paused. "Will you please bring Mrs. Sears a glass of water, Dr. Winslow. Yes, water will do," meaningly, in response to the other's significant gesture of comprehension. "My dear Mrs. Sears, you must not go so fast—these are very hard stairs to climb."

As they reached the upper hall the house-surgeon met them with a glass in his hand. Dr. Belden took it and noted with satisfaction the juniper prefume that rose from the fine gin mixed with the water, but which left it as colorless as before. He handed it to Margaret, who swallowed it in a breath, and tasted nothing. If it had been warmwood and vale. madam; but you mustn't be surprised if

swallowed it in a breath, and tasted nothing. If it had been wormwood and valerien she would not have noticed either

rien she would not have noticed either taste ov oder, so stunned were her bodily senses under the psychic strain of the hour. Dr. Winslow pushed forward a chair. "But, Doctor—I want to see my husband, the tramp," she cried, drawing back.
"So you shall, then! Come this way, please. Dr. Winslow, did you know some people think your tramp is that baseball player who absconded—gently, gently, Mrs. Sears, don't get excited, please. Some one must have given him the finest kind of knock-out drops the sporting world is acquainted with to have gotten the better of such a physique."

Sweat was beading the flushed forehead of the little physician, but his voice was as caim and steady as an organ-note as

as calm and steady as an organ-note as he laid a detaining hand on the fingers which quivered on his arm.

The man climbed to his seat with great deliberation. After arranging his dust-cloth carefully, he started his horses into a walk, only to check them within a few rods to discuss with two men lounging in front of the stables the possibility of the off-horse developing eventually into a "trotter." Then, proceeding leisurely over the road through the grove which is Point Chautauqua's crowning glory, he turned down toward Dewittville. There is nothing a country liveryman dislikes so much as an intimation of haste—not even being thwarted as to which road shall be followed. As the carriage came around the curve and swung into sight of the great elm which marks the forks of the road at the entrance of the hamlet of Dewittville, Mrs, Ashbel exclaimed, as she had done

"IS—THAT—YOU? HE SAID."

"This way," gasped the house-surgeon. They entered the door after him.

"This way," gasped the house-surgeon. They entered the dor after him.

"This way," gasped the house-surgeon. They entered the dor after him.

"This way," gasped the house-surgeon. They entered the dor after him.

"This is the cap the tramp had on when den uncroognizingly.

"Certainly." Chirruped Belden, before the astouished house-surgeon could get his wits together. "Certainly. Take my arm, please: Dr. Winslow will show us the way; don't hurry up. the stairs are long. Will you go ahead, Doctor, and see if your patient is ready to receive visitors?"

"Oh, it is my husband, Doctor," cried Margaret, pititully. "I have heard him calling me 'Maggie, Maggie!" for weeks, but I could not find him! I couldn't find him anywhere."

The two physicians started. Winslow bent his keen gaze on her curiously, but Belden said in soothing tones: "Of course, Waggie!" whispered a feeble view: "Maggie, Maggie!" whispered a feeble view: "Maggie, Maggie!" whispered a feeble view: "Maggie!" which are the door after him.

"This vay," gasped the ho "This way," gasped the house-surgeon. They entered the door after him. "This is the cap the tramp had on when